Discover

Harsh Awakenings

👁 20 ✔ 2 ⭐ 4

Chapter 1 by jackson wilson

Wha...whats going on? Where am I, whats happening!? Who are you? Why am I here!? You'll find out in time.

Chapter 2 by Glowy-Druglord

The shadow that stood over my bleeding corpse wasn't a shadow at all, only a man with a ragged cloak and a gas mask over his face. His gloved hand was extended to me, a gun in the other hand. I had no memory of what had happened to me, only that everything hurt incredibly bad. I let out a cry that startled him, I saw his broad shoulders flinch in the faint light. He stuck his other hand beneath my back, lifting me up to his shoulders. I screeched painfully, realizing part of my spine was broken along with some of my ribs. He gently lifted me up and carried me out of the broken old house I was in.

"You're hurt badly," he murmured into my ear, wiping some of the blood trickling down my lips. "I'll take you to safety. They'll be coming soon." He carried me out of the broken house, my eye sight beginning to fail me. I began to slip into unconsciousness, but I seemed to hear just fine.

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Plymouth set me down on what felt like a soft bed, mindful of my back. "It think those sick bastards got to her. Look at that, this proves that they are psychotic, heartless maniacs. They just let her for dead."

I heard the first sigh. "What drove you to rescue her?"

"Her screams of agony and fright caught my attention. I was out looking for supplies when I heard gun shots, broken glass, and wails. Then I waited until they were gone before I got to her. I couldn't just leave her there."

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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